THE SCORNEFVLL LADY.

A COMEDY.

As it was Acted (with great applauſe) by the late Kings Majeſties Servants, *at the Blacke-Fryers.*

Written by FRANCIS BEAUMONT. and JOHN FLETCHER. *Gentlemen.*

The ſixt Edition, Corrected and amended.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1651.

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The Actors are these.

ELder LOVELESSE, *a Suter to the Lady.*
Young LOVELESSE, *a Prodigall.*
SAVILL, *Steward to the Elder* LOVELESSE.
LADY, *and* } *Two Sisters.*
MARTHA }
YOVNGLOVE, *or* ABIGAIL, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*
WELFORD, *a Suter to the Lady.*
Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*
A { CAPTAINE, TRAVELLER, POET, TOBACCO-MAN; } *hangers on to Young* LOVELESSE.
Wenches.
Fidlers.
MORECRAFT, *an Vsurer.*
A rich Widdow.
Attendants.

The Scornefull Lady.

THE SCORNEFULL LADY.

A COMEDY.

ACTU S I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Loveleſses, Savill the Steward, and a Page.

Elder Love.

BRother, is your laſt hope paſt to mollifie *Morecrafts* heart about your Morgage?

Yong Love. Hopeleſly paſt: I have preſented the Vſurer with a richer draught then ever *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; he hath ſuck't in ten thouſand pounds worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets

El. Lo. I have as hard a taske to performe in this houſe.

Yo. Lo. Faith mine was to make an Vſurer honeſt, or to loſe my Land.

El. Lo. And mine is to perſwade a paſſionate woman, or to leave the Land

Yo. Lo. Make the Boat ſtay. I feare I ſhall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkeneſſe of the night, and the roughneſſe of the waters might eaſily diſſwade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the ſounder courſe for your body and eſtate to ſtay at home, marry, and propagate, and governe in your Country, then to travell and die without iſſue.

El. Lo. Savill, You ſhall gaine the opinion of a better ſervant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter my will, howſoever my intents ſucceed.

Yo. Lo. Yonders Miſtris *Abigail* Brother, the grave rubber of your Miſtris toes.

Enter Mistris Abigail, the waiting woman.

El. Lo. Mistris *Abigail.*

Abig. Master *Loveless*, truly we thought your sayles had beene hoist: my Mistris is perswaded you are Sea sick ere this.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearely? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that shines, ther's no removing her; if she get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical minute was that?

Abi. When her smock was over her eares; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heeles.

El. Lo. I prethee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the deare cause of my banishment, and then for *France.*

Abig. Ile do't: harke hither, is that your brother?

El. Lo. Yes, have you lost your memory?

Abig. As I live hee's a pretty fellow.

Yo. Lo. O this is a sweet *Brache.*

El. Lo. Why she knowes not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loves youth of eighteene; she heard a Tale how *Cupid* strucke her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her: yet she in kindnesse would needs weare a Willow Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queenes time once over: She was strooke when they acted Lovers, and forsooke some when they played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she her selfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest son, or her Mistris husbands Clarke shall be, that marries her, shall make her a joynture of fourescore pounds a yeare; she tels Tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall intreat you onely to salute my Mistris, and take leave, wee'l part at the stayres.

Enter Lady and VVaiting-woman.

La. Now sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the reste

El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice, for this Gentleman my Brother.

La. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then upon those cold commendations.

Young Lo.

Yo.Lo. Lady, my ſalutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir, I hope you are the maſter of your owne occaſions.

Ex. Young Lo. Sauill.

El. Lo. Would I were ſo. Miſtris, for me to praiſe over againe that worth, which all the world, and you your ſelfe can ſee.

La. It's a cold roome this; Servant.

El. Lo. Miſtris.

La. What thinke you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. Lo. Miſtris another in my place, that were not tyed to beleeve all your actions juſt; would apprehend himſelfe wrong'd: But I, whoſe vertues are conſtancy and obedience.

La. *Abigail*, make a good fire above to warme me, after my ſervants *Exordiums*.

El. Lo. I have heard and ſeene your affability to be ſuch, that the ſervants you give wages to may ſpeake.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeake to'th purpoſe.

El. Lo. Miſtris, your will leades my ſpeeches from the purpoſe. But as a man——

La. *A Simile* ſervant? This roome was built for honeſt meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to ſay, breake into't: my anſwers ſhall very reaſonably meet you. *El. Lo.* Miſtris I came to ſee you.

La. That's happily diſpacht, the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you. *La.* To be gone. *El. Lo.* Yes.

La. You need not have diſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many circumſtances to win me to give you leave to perform my command; is there a third?

El. Lov. I had a third, had you beene apt to heare it.

La. I? never apter. Faſt (good Servant) faſt.

El. Lo. Twas to entreat you to heare reaſon.

La. Moſt willingly; have you brought one that can ſpeake it?

El. Lo. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren heart, love and forgiveneſſe. *La.* You would ſtay at home?

El. Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtleſly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Miſtris, a woman, a weake one, wildely overborne with paſſions: but the thing by her commanded, is to ſee *Dovers* dreadfull Cliffe, paſſing in a poore Water-houſe; the dangers of the mercileſſe Channell, twixt that and *Callis*, five

long;

long houres sayle, with three poore weekes victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumbe, unable to enquire for an English hoast, to remove from City to City, by most chargeable posthorse like one that rode in quest of his Mother-tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistris, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegeance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in Tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazzard of being laught at your returne, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much. *La.* Lowder yet.

El. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make me seeke out dangers; move me not with toyes: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kisse forc't from you in publike, by me so unpardonable? Why all the houres of day and night have seene us kisse.

La. 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide.

El. Lov. Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I.

Lad. And so you told um.

El. Lo. I did, yet no signe of disgrace need to have stayn'd your cheeke: you your selfe, knew your pure and simple heart to bee most unspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

La. I did: But if a Maides heart doth but once thinke that she is suspected, her owne face will write her guilty.

El. Lov. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop't, that I should give away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisedome take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband.

La. Beleeve me, if my wedding smock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hipocrasse and Cakes eate and drunke off;
Where these two armes encompast with the hands
Of Batchelors, to leade me to the Church;
Were my feete in the doore, were I *Iohn*, said,
If *Iohn* should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,

When

When you have spent this yeare commodiously,
In atchieving Languages, will at your returne
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now,
If you dare, goe.

Elder Lov. I dare you know: First let me kisse.

Lady. Farewell sweet servant; your taske perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning Suter,
I shall be apt to heare you.

Elder Loveleſſe. Farewell cruell Mistris. *Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Loveleſſe and Savill.

Young Lo. Brother you'l hazzard the loosing your Tide to *Gravesend*: you have a long halfe mile by land to *Greenwich*.

Elder Lo. I goe: but brother, what yet unheard of course to live, doth your imagination flatter with you? Your ordinary meanes are devour'd.

Young Lo. Course, why horse-coursing I thinke: consume no time in this: I have no estate to be mended by meditation: he that busies himselfe about my fortunes, may properly be said, to busie himselfe about nothing.

Eld Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open: If you will shape none, I must informe you, that man but perswades himselfe he meanes to live, that imagines not the meanes.

Yo. Lo. Why ile live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that; you have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of um: and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavie an alteration for you to beare.

Yo. Lo. Why, Ile Purse, if that raise me not, Ile Bet at Bowling-Allies, or Man Whores; I would faine live by others: but Ile live whil'st I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

El. Lo. I see you are ty'd to no particular imployment then.

Yo. Lo. Faith I may choose my course: they say Nature brings forth none, but she provides for them; Ile trie her liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keepe your feet out of base and dangerous pathes, I have resolved, you shall live as Master of my House. It shall bee your care *Savill*, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo. Lo: If it bee referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation, jersie Stockings, blue Divels breeches, with the guards downe,

 and

and my pocket i'th sleeves, Ile neere looke you i'th face againe.

Sav. A comelier weare I wisse it is, then those dangling slops.

El. Lo. To keepe you ready to doe him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably; I leave these further directions in writing, which at your best leisure together, open and reade.

Enter Abigail to them with a Iewell.

Abig. Sir, my Mistris commends her love to you in this token, and these words; it is a Jewell (she sayes) which as a favour from her she would request you to weare, till your yeares travaile be performed: which once expired, she will happily expect your happy returne.

El. Lo. Returne my service with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly over-joyed man, would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond; that when my Mistrisse shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me, you may cast your eye downe to your finger, and remember, and speak of me: She will hear thee better then those allied by birth to her: as we see many men much swayed by the Groomes of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. A my credit I sweare, I thinke 'twas made for me: Feare no other Sutors.

Elder Love: I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the Maids sweare they found Plaisters in their bed.

Abig. I know, I know, and doe you not feare the Sutors.

Eld. Lo: Farewell, be mindfull, and be happy: the night cals me. *Exeunt omnes præter Abigail.*

Abig. The gods of the windes befriend you sir; a constant and a liberall Lover thou art, more such God send us.

Enter Welford.

VVel. Let um not stand still, we have rid.

Abig A Sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be seene.

VVel. A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would looke freshly

Abig. You have delivered your errand to me then: ther's no danger in a handsome young fellow: Ile shew my selfe.

VVel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger, the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Lady of this house?

Abig. Sir I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Well. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours; did not

not my so late acquaintance make me despaire.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to atcheive, but nature may bring it about.

Well. For these comfortable words, I remaine your glad debtor. Is your Lady at home? *Abig.* She is no stragler sir.

Well. May her occasions admit me to speake with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Well. I know your affable vertue will be moved to perswade her; that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aime at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the house-hold's of good carriage and governement, upon any of which, if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithfull, tho not so coy. *Exit Abigail.*

Well. What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court-fashion: Men, Women, and all wooe, catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her Lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Rog. God save you sir: My Lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she conferre with you?

Well. Sir, my name cals me *Welford.*

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile try his wit.

Well. I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred yeares sir.

Roger. I knew a worshipfull and a religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishopricke of *Durham.* Calld you him Cousen?

Well. I am onely allied to his vertues sir.

Roger. It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Well. What's that, a Crosse? there's a tester.

Roger. I meane the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

Well. Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name? *Rog. Roger.*

Well. What roome fill you in this house?

Rog. More roomes then one.

Well. The more the merrier: But may my boldnesse know

 why

why your Lady hath ſent you to diſcipher my name?

Rog. Her owne words were theſe: To know whether you were a formerly denyed Sutor, diſguiſed in this meſſage: for I can aſſure you ſhe delights not in *Thalame*: *Himen* and ſhe are at variance. I ſhall returne with much haſte. *Exit Roger.*

Well. And much ſpeed ſir, I hope: certainely I am arrived amongſt a Nation of new-found fooles, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreſeen it, I would have laded my breeches with Bels, Knives, Copper, and glaſſes, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare, I ſhould have betrayed my ſelfe to needleſſe charge then: here comes the walking night-cap againe. *Enter Roger.*

Roger. Sir, my Ladies pleaſure is to ſee you: who hath commanded me to acknowledge her ſorrow, that you muſt take the paines to come up for ſo bad entertainment.

Wel. I ſhall obey your Lady that ſent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Maſter.

Rog. I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this rooſe, from my Lady on her Downe-bed, to the Maid in the Peaſe-ſtraw. *Well.* A Cobler Sir?

Rog. No Sir, I doe inculate Divine Homilies within theſe Wals.

Well. But the inhabitants of this houſe doe often imploy you on errands without any ſcruple of conſcience.

Rog. Yes, I doe take the aire many mornings on foot, three or foure miles for Egges: but why move you that?

Well. To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horſe a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Moſt properly Sir.

Well. I pray you doe ſo then: and whilſt I will attend your Lady. You direct all this houſe in the true way?

Rog. I doe Sir.

Well. And this doore I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog Your underſtanding is ingenuous *Ex. ſeverally*

Enter Young Loveleſſe, and Savill, with a writing.

Sa. By your favour Sir, you ſhall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall beare your favour Sir, croſſe me no more; I ſay they ſhall come in. *Sav.* Sir you forget then who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I doe not; thou art my brothers Steward, his caſt off Mill-money, his Kitchin Arithmaticke.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make ſo little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not ſo little as thou art: for indeed, there

there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire *Imprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item*, infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you stirre my duty, and I must tell you.

Yo. Lo. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hops grow? or hold some rotten discourse of sheepe, or when our Lady day fals? Prethee farewell, and entertaine my friends, be drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare Sparke of Velvet, thou and I ——

Sa. Good Sir remember.

Yo. Lo. I doe remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse-faires, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay, then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the Lessons sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Prethee expound the first.

Sa. I leave to keepe my house three hundred pounds a yeare, and my Brother to dispose of it.

Yo. Lo. Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

Sa. Whilst he beares himselfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young sir, marke that.

Yo. Lo. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fullfill it whilst my legges will carry me, Ile beare my selfe like a Gentleman, but when I am drunke, let them beare me that can. Forward deare Steward.

Sav. Next it is my will, that he be furnisht (as my Brother) with attendance, apparrell and the obedience of my people.

Young Lo. Steward this is as plaine as your old Minikin Breeches. Your wisdome will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or —— you understand me sir, proceed.

Sav. Yet, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildnesse with his care.

Young Lo. Ile heare no more, this is *Apocrypha*, binde it by it selfe Steward.

Savill. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Captaines of Gally-foysts, such as in a cleare day have seene *Callis*, fellowes that have no more of God, than their Oathes comes to: they weare swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that set up with one ounce, and breake for three; together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all these looke like Carthusians, things without linnen. Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young. Lo

Young L. I will either convert thee, (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen *Savill.* Good sir.

Yo. Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Savil. Are you my Masters Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.

Savil. Then God help all, I say.

Yo. Lo. I, and 'tis well said, my old Peere of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own deare Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry* Groat.

Cap. Sir, I will take your love.

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse.

Cap. And study to continue it. *Sav.* I doe believe you.

Travel. Your honourable friend, and Masters Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, sir.

Sav. Has given himselfe into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the pieces?

Yo. Lo. Thy, are the Morals of the age, the vertues; Men made of gold. *Savil.* Of your gold you mean sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a man of warre, and cryes goe on, and weares his colours. *Sav.* In's nose.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller sir, knows men and manners, and has plowd up the sea so farre, till both the Poles have knockt, has seen the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their kindes, and had a *Flanders* Mare lept there.

Sav. Tis much. *Trav.* I have seen more sir.

Sav. Tis enough a conscience; sit down and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a living sir, as this fellow could lie you out of; has a notable gift in't.

Yo. Lo. This ministers the smoke, and this the Muses.

Sav And you the clothes, and meat, and mony, you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your brothers house is big enough; and to say truth, has too much land, hang it durt.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent-Books, thou hast a weak brain *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a yeare; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Cap.

Cap. Merry as mirth, and wine, my lovely *Loveleſſe.*

Poet. A ſerious look ſhall be a Jury to excommunicate any man from our company. *Trav.* We will not talk wiſely neither.

Yo.Lo. What think you Gentlemen, by all this revenew in drink?

Cap. I am all for drink. *Trav.* I am dry till it be ſo.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live ſober, ſeeme wiſe, and dye o'th *Corum.*

Yo.Lo. It ſhall be ſo, wee'l have it all in drink, let meat and lodging go, th'are tranſitory, and ſhew men meerly mortal: then wee'l have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every weeke a freſh one: wee'l keep no powdred fleſh: all theſe wee have by warrant, under the title of things neceſſary. Here, upon this place I ground it: the the obedience of my people, and all neceſſaries: Your opinions Gentlemen?

Cap. Tis plain and evident he meant wenches.

Sav. Good ſir, let me expound it.

Cap. Here be as ſound men as your ſelf ſir, to expound it.

Poet. This doe I hold to be the interpretation of it: in this word neceſſary, is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the chiefeſt.

Yo. Lo. Beleeve me, 'tis a learned one, and by theſe words: The obedience of my people: (you Steward being one) are bound to fetch us wenches.

Cap. He is, he is. *Yo.Lo.* Steward, attend us for inſtructions.

Sav. But will you keep no houſe ſir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but drink ſir, three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. O miſerable houſe, and miſerable I that live to ſee it! Good ſir, keep ſome meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good Whores, and for your part, *Savil*, Ile boord you in an Ale-houſe; you ſhall have cheeſe and onions.

Sav. What ſhall become of me, no chimney ſmoking?
Well prodigall, your Brother will come home. *Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come Lads, Ile warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drink.

Omnes. O brave *Lovelace.* *Exeunt omnes.* *Finis Actus primi.*

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Lady, her ſiſter Martha, Welford, Younglove, and others.

Lady. Sir, now you ſee your bad lodging, I muſt bid you good-night.

Welf. If there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that complaint. Once more good night.

Well. Once more deare Lady, and then all sweet nights.

Lady. Deare sir be short and sweet then.

Well. Shall the morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my sute happier by this nights rest?

Lady. Is your sute so sickly that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straighter. Sir, goodnight. *Exit Lady.*

Well. So faire and cruell! deare unkind, goodnight.
Nay sir, you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale so farre.

Rog. O Lord sir. *Well.* Doe you love *Tobacco*?

Roger. Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence Ile be bold.

Well. Pray light it Sir. How doe ye like it?

Roger. I promise you it is notable stinging geere indeed. It is wet sir, Lord how it brings downe rheume.

Well. Handle it againe sir, you have a warme text of it.

Rog. Thankes ever promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

Well. I, it does sir, and me especially to aske sir, why you weare a night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly I will speake the truth unto you: you shall understand sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

Well. The Butler? certainely he had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassocke? The offence Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip sir, for swearing; you have the totall surely.

Well. You reprov'd him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

Rog. Have patience sir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast; that is, asleepe, for so the word is taken: to sleepe, to dye, to dye, to sleepe, a very figure sir.

Well. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. No till the man be in his bed, his grave: his grave, his bed: the very same againe sir. Our Comicke Poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loope-holes, and will discover to our Patronesse.

VVel. Your Comment Sir, hath made me understand you.

Enter Martha, the Ladies Sister, and Younglove to them with a Posset.

Roger: Sir be addrest, the graces do salute you with a full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig: Hee's safe.

Kog: And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar: No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

Mar: Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not us forget you are a stranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig: In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this foule familiar chewes the Cud: from thee, and three and fifty good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you sit down and take a spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly Lady. *Mar.* It is our best banquet sir.

Rog. Shall we give thankes?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already sir.

Mar. Good sir *Roger* keep that breath to coole your part o'th Posset, you may chance have a scalding zeale else: and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe: Would you could like this sir.

Wel. I would your Sister would like me as well Lady.

Mar. Sure sir, she would not eat you: but banish that imagination; she's only wedded to her selfe, lies with her selfe, and loves her selfe: and for another husband then her selfe, he may knock at the gate, but nere come in; be wise sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, shee'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least grief Mistresse *Martha*.

Wel. Now I must over-heare her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all with all my heart; I doe not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said old sayings.

Welford. She lookes like one. Gentlewoman you keep your word, your sweet self has made the bottome sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change sir?

Wel. My self for you, so please you. That smile hath turn'd my stomack: This is right the old Emblemo of the Moyle cropping of Thistles: Lord what a hunting head she carries, sure she has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver mee.

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not: am I rub'd off, is this the way of all my Mourning Prayers? Oh Roger, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditations, vowes, and wooed her in Heroicall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle, and undertooke with labour and experience the collection of those thousand peeces, consum'd in Cellars and Tobacco-shops, of that our honoured Englishman *N. B.* have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the Wise man, and say, He that holds a woman, has an Eele by the taile.

Mar. Sir 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our Posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'ewere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the house has be at your command sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady; and to you what you desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like your self then.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue. Good night Antiquitie. *Exeunt.*

Rog. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* But I alone.

Wel. Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your Learning, good night, good Master Roger.

Rog. Good sir, peace be with you. *Exit* Roger

Wel. Adieu deare *Domine*. Halfe a dozen such in a Kingdome would make a man forsweare confession: for who that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsell of a serious sin to such a cruell night-cap?

Why how now shall we have an Antique? *Enter Ser.* Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you jole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Sellor? Where are my slippers sir? *Ser.* Here sir.

Wel. Where sir? have you got the pot verdugo? have you seen the horses sir? *Ser.* Yes sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Ser. Faith sir, they have a kind of wholsome Rushes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith sir, here are no Oats to be got, unlesse you'l have um in porridge, the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat: yonders a cast of Coachmanes of the Gentlewomans, the strangest cattel!

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparant sir; you may see through them, and such a house.

Wel. Come sir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Jewes: the Kitchin and the Dairie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost; the Chambers are entire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge: but this I am sure between these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drink sir.

Wel. What of that sir?

Ser. Faith sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three spoonfuls kils the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsie.

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Ser. I would I did sir. But as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle sir, I'le heare no more.

Enter young Loveless, and his Comrades, with wenches, and two Fidlers.

Yo. Lo. Come my brave man of war, trace out thy Darling:
And you my learned Councell, set and turne boyes:
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Enter wine*
Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.
This is no pay for Fidlers.

Cap. O my dear Boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our maine pota-
Five marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh, (tion,
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight

Yong Lo. Thou ſhalt hav't boy, and flie in Feather:
Lead on a March you Michers. *Enter Savill.*

Savill. O my head, O my heart, what a noiſe and change is here? would I had been cold i'th mouth before this day, and nere have liv'd to ſee this diſſolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good ſleep in the perpetuall noiſe of an iron Mill. There's a dead ſea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly veſſels lie wrack't, and in the middle of this deluge appeares the tops of Flagons and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marſhes.

Yo. Lo. What art thou come? My ſweet ſir *Amias*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs my *Hellen*, and court her in a dance.

Savil. Good ſir conſider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we conſider Gentlemen? How ſay you?

Cap. Conſider, that were a ſimple toy y'faith, conſider! whoſe Moral's that? The man that cries conſider is our foe: let my ſteele know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead doing hand, he muſt not die yet: prethee be calme my *Hector*.

Cap. Peaſant, ſlave, thou groome, compos'd of grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadſt ſeene *Pluto* elſe. The next conſider kils thee.

Trav. Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon of ſack.

Poet. 'Tis but a ſnuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe it kneeling in repentance.

Savil. Nay rather kill me, there's but a lay-man loſt. Good Captain do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou ſhalt drink Steward, drinke and dance my ſteward. Strike him a horn-pipe ſqeakers, take thy ſtriver, and pace her till ſhe ſtew.

Savil. Sure ſir I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me, pray break my head, and let me goe.

Cap. He ſhall dance, he ſhall dance.

Yo. Lo. He ſhall dance, and drink, and be drunk, and dance, and be drunk again: and ſhall ſee no meat in a yeare.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveleſſe diſguis'd.

Savil. Some to deliver me I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God ſave you all, my buſineſſe is to one Maſter *Loveleſſe*.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you meane, view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no lesse sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your businesse?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworn to't, would some other tongue would speak it for me.

Yo. Lo. Out with it a Gods name.

El. Lo. All I desire sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good sir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of sack will doe, here's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

El. Lo. Good sir excuse me, and whatsoever you heare, thinke must have been known unto you, and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly. *Yo. Lo.* Prethee dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brother's dead sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not mean dead drunk.

El. Lo. No, no, dead, and drown'd at Sea sir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure he's dead? *El. Lo.* Too sure sir.

Yo. Lo. I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El Lo. He may come up, but nere to call you Brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure sir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgive thee: and Ifaith be plain, how doe I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wisely sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitory toyes nere trouble me, he's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellowes would have cry'd now, and have curst thee, & faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: there's the right use on't friend. Off with thy drink, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry; fill him another. *Savill*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Savill*? Nay, lets all beare it well; wipe *Savill*, wipe, teares are but thrown away: we shall have wenches now, shall we not *Savill*? *Savil.* Yes sir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Savil. Yes forsooth sir.

Yo. Lo. And youle straine curtsie, and be drunk a little.

Savil. I will strive sir to doe my weak endeavour.

Young Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Savil. In time the sturdy Oake sir.

Young Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anone for my good newes; but I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

Young Lo. Here's to you sir, this is the worst I wish you for your newes: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddockes, I should be still the same you see mee now, a poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, he's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my deare brother, if I escape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink, you shall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drinke more: pray you let me have your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord sir, tis your modesty: more wine, give him a bigger glasse; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chiefe Mourner.

Capt. And this my pledge; Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my braines, pray God I beare this out, and Ile nere trouble them so far again: Heres to you sir.

Young Lo. To my dear Steward, down a your knees you Infidell, you Pagan, be drunk and penitent.

Savil. Forgive me sir, and Ile be any thing.

Young Lo. Then be a Bawd, Ile have thee a brave Bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my businesse is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go. Fil's a new hoop.

El. Lo. I dare not sir, by no means.

Young Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratifie you for the paine you took sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Young. Lo. If you find any stirring, doe but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you shall assuage it sir, before another; this onely, and farewell sir. Your brother when the storm was most extreame, told all about him, he left a Will which lies close behind a chimney in the Matted Chamber: And so as well sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Young. Lo Let us embrace him all, if you grow dry before you end your businesse, pray take a bait here, I have a fresh Hogge-head for you.

Sav.

Sav. You shall neither will nor choose sir. My master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state sir, I am his Steward sir, and his Man.

El. Lo. Would you were your own sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinkes.

Sav. Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. What would you with me sir?

Sav. Farewell Gentleman.

El. O sleep sir, sleep. *Exit El. Love.*

Yo. Lo. Well boyes, you see what's faln, let's in and drinke, and give thanks for it.

Sav. Let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Young Lo. Drunk as I live. *Sav.* Drunk as I live boyes.

Young Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight; I will be knighted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteen hundred boyes: Off with your huskes, I'le skin you all in Sattin. *Cap.* O sweet *Loveleſſe.*

Sav. All in Sattin? O sweet *Loveleſſe*!

Yo. Lo. March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft the Usurer, and Widow.

Mor. And Widow, as I say, be you your owne friend; your Husband left you wealthy, I and wise, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers: they are wormes that will eat through your bagges: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings: they are Colts, wench, Colts, heddy and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um fit for bonds: look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment Girle, matter of moment; you may meet with a worse back, I'le not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither sir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your favour Widow, tis tuffe.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sell no Perspectives, Scarfes, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in shooe-ties; and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meal, and powdered Sugar, Sanders, and graines, worm-seed, and rotten Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the footmen mangie; I, in a yeare have put up hundreds inclos'd: my Widow, those pleasant Meadowes, by a forfeit Morgage: for which the poore Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes

for

for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hostesse: Nay more ———

Wid. Good sir, no more, what e're my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it bravely off sir.

Mor. Not with the head, sweet Widow.

Wid. No sweet sir, but with your shoulders: I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toyle, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which for I was his wife, and gave way to, and spun mine own smocks course, and sir, so little: but let that passe; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruitles five years marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if youle be a worthy Gossip to, be knighted sir. *Enter Savill.*

More. Now sir, from whence come you? whose man are you sir?

Savill. Sir, I come from young Master *Loveleſſe.*

More. Be silent sir, I have no mony, not a peny for you, he's sunk, your masters sunk, a perisht man sir.

Savil. Indeed his brother's sunk sir, God be with him, a perish't man indeed, and drown'd at sea.

More. How saidst thou, good my friend, his brother drown'd?

Savill. Untimely sir, at Sea.

More. And thy young Master left sole heire? *Savil.* Yes sir.

More. And he wants money.

Savil. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

More. Widow be wise, there's more land comming, Widow be very wise, and give thanks for me Widow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me sir.

Sav. What sayes your worship to this money?

More. I say he may have the money if he please.

Sav. A thousand sir.

More. A thousand sir, provided my wise sir, his land lie for the payment, otherwise ———

Enter young Loveleſſe, and Comrades to them.

Savil. He's here himselfe sir, and can better tell you.

More. My notable deare friend, and worthy Master *Loveleſſe*, and now right worshipfull, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thankes to my deare incloser, Master *Morecraft*, prethee old Angel gold, salute my family, Ile do as much for thine: this and your own desires, faire Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours sir, If you mean wel: 'tis a hansome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my brothers dead.

More.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time sou'st for Ember-week.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea man! by the next fresh Conger that comes, we shall heare more.

More. Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Asse, and weepe for the dead? why, I thought nothing but a generall inundation would have mov'd thee; prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

More. O has he so?

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I have all boy, hast any ready money?

More. Will you sell sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not out-right, good Gripe; marry, a Morgage, or such a slight security.

More. I have no money fit for Morgage; if you will sell, and all or none, i'le work a new Mine for you.

Savill. Good Sir look afore you, he'll worke you out of all else: if you sell your Land, you have sold your Countrey, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your teeth with Biskets, and hard Beefe; that must have watering sir, and where's your 300 pounds a yeare in drink then? If you'l turn up the straights, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Cannon; nor no scoring, but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a faggot Boat, and a bottle of *Vsquebaugh*, come home poore men, like a type of Thames-street, stinking of pitch and poore *John*. I cannot tell sir, I would be loath to see it.

Cap. Steward, you are an Asse, a meazel'd mungrell, and were it not against the peace of my soveraigne friend here, I would breake your fore-casting coxecombe, dogge I would even with thy staffe of Office there, thy pen and inke-horne. Noble boy, the god of gold here has fed thee well, take money for thy durt: harke and beleeve, thou art cold of constitution, thy seate unhealthfull, sell and be wise; wee are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart child: mirth shal be only ours, and onely ours shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men immortall.

Poet. Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you may

live

live without the charge of people, onely we foure will make a Family; I, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in which I'le write thy life, my son of pleasure, equall with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What men were they Captaine?

Cap. Two roaring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split.

Yo. Lo. Come sir, what dare you give?

Sa. You will not sell sir? *Yo. Lo.* Who told you so sir?

Sa. Good sir, have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'le tack your tongue up to your roofe. What money? speak. *More.* Six thousand pounds sir.

Cap. Take it, has overbidden by this hand: binde him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

More. There is six Angels in earnest.

Sav. Sir, for my old Masters sake, let my Farm be excepted, if I become his Tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my wife God knowes what: consider me deare sir.

More. Ile have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in, dispatch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

Wid. Goe, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a Rascall: would I could teach a Schoole, or begge, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and couzen, take thee to his mercy. *Exit Savil.*

More. Come Widow, come, never stand upon a Knight hood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not proofe enough for a Sergeant. Come, come, I'le make thee ——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this sir, no Knight, no Widow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady: And so I take my leave.

More. Farewell sweet Widow, and think of it. *Exit Widow.*

Wid. Sir, I doe more than think of it, it makes me dream sir.

More. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horse-men too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the Subsidy, and so by consequence should prove a Coxcomb: I'le have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the land is mine: there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACT. 3. SCÆN. 1.

Enter Abigal, and drops her glove.

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd peece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty copt withall, what a trim *lenvoy* here she has put upon me: these women are a proud kinde of Cattell, and love this Whorson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins Bawds to their flesh. Here's Dogskin and storax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what to doe with it, beside nailing it up amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew the mightinesse of her palme, I know not: there shee is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. No sir, if you have found it.

Welf. It was my meaning, Lady, to restore it.

Abig. It wil be uncivill in me to take back a favour Fortune hath so well bestowed sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a Bell. But harke you Mistresse, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have mee weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charme the toothake? Or these red tops being steept in white Wine soluble, wil't kill the itch? Or has it so conceal'd a providence to keep my hand from bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare glove of halfe a Crown a paire, 'twill be but a halfe courtesie, I weare two alwayes: 'faith let's draw cuts, one will doe mee no pleasure.

Abig. The tendernesse of his yeares keepes him as yet in ignorance, hee's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stirre no higher: but 'tis his want of company, I must grow neerer to him. *Enter elder Loveless disguised.*

Eld.Lov. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

El.Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Welf. What are you, and what businesse have you here?

El.Lo. More I beleeve then you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

Eld. Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

Eld.Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'ſt be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou doſt not come to quarrell.

Eld.Lo. No, not with women; I come here to ſpeak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

Eld.Lo. but not with one ſo gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El.Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet, I am but new come over, direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I ſhall be fine ſir. Lady, if there be a better of your ſex within this houſe, I ſay I would ſee her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you ſir?

El.Lo. Your way you'l be too good, pray end my buſineſſe. This is another Sutor. O frail Woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntneſſe hopes to do more then the long ſutes of a thouſand could; though he be ſowre he's quicke, I muſt not truſt him. Sir, this Lady is not to ſpeak with you, ſhee is more ſerious: you ſmell as if you were new calkt, goe and be handſome, and then you may ſit with the Serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you ſir?

Wel. Troth guesſe by my outſide.

El. Lo. Then I take you ſir for ſome new ſilken thing wean'd from the Countrey, that ſhall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman help me to your Miſtreſſe.

Ab. How many lives haſt thou, that thou talkſt thus rudely?

El.Lo. But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life ſir maintaine you ever in ſuch bold ſawcineſſe?

El.Lo. Yes, amongſt a Nation of ſuch men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing. Shall I ſpeak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth ſhall you not.

El. Lo. I muſt ſtay here then.

Wel. That you ſhall not neither.

El.Lo. Good fine thing tell me why.

Wel. Good angry thing Ile tell you:
This is no place for ſuch companions,
Such louzy Gentlemen ſhall finde their buſineſſe

Better

Better i'th Suburbs, there your ſtrong pitch perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, ſhall reeke in faſhion:
This is no Thames ſtreet ſir.
Abig. This Gentleman informes you truly.
Prethee be ſatisfied, and ſeek the Suburbs.
Good Captain, or whatever title elſe,
The warlike Eel-boats have beſtowed upon thee.
Go and reform thy ſelf, prethee be ſweeter.
And know my Lady ſpeakes with no ſuch ſwabbers.
El.Lo. You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from Playes, goe too, I have found ye:
And for you, tender ſir, whoſe gentle blood
Runs in your noſe, and makes you ſnuffe at all,
But three pil'd people, I doe let you know
He that begot your Worſhips Sattin ſute,
Can make no men ſir; I will ſee this Lady,
And with the reverence of your Silkenſhip,
In theſe old Ornaments.
Wel. You will not ſure.
El.Lo. Sure ſir I ſhall.
Abig. You would be beaten out.
El. Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would bee beaten,
Pray who ſhall beat me? This good Gentleman
Lookes as he were o'th peace.
Wel. Sir, you ſhall ſee that: will you get you out?
El.Lo. Yes that, that ſhall correct your boyes tongue.
Dare you fight? I will ſtay here ſtill. *They draw.*
Abig. O their things are out, help, help, for Gods ſake.
Madam, they foin at one another.
Madam, why who is within there? *Enter Lady.*
Lady. Who breeds this rudeneſſe? *Wel.* This uncivil fellow.
He ſayes he comes from Sea, where I beleeve
H'as purg'd away his manners.
Lady. Why, What of him?
Wel. Why he will rudely without once God bleſſe you,
Preſſe to your privacies, and no deniall
Muſt ſtand betwixt your perſon and his buſineſſe;
I let goe his ill language.
Lady. Sir, have you buſineſſe with me?
El. Lo. Madam, ſome I have,

But

But none so serious to pawn my life for't:
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you,
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie
Men of employment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?

La. Pray stay sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you
I think he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withall, a passage to you,
Though I seem course.

La. Excuse me gentle sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall have no protection. And to you Sir,
You have shew'd more heat then wit, and from your self
Have borrowed power I never gave you here,
To doe these vild unmanly things; my house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts
So far, that I should make you Master of my businesse:
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Then to be tride with sword; And they that comes
To do me service, must not think to win me
With a hazard of a murther; if your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the Camp,
And there in honour of some common Mistresse,
Shorten your youth: I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while sir.

Wel. You must have it. *Exit Welford.*

La. Now Sir, your businesse?

El. Lo. First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow.
Whom his own follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall levell him a way to his repentance:
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a woman,
And anger's lost upon you.

La. Why at me sir?
I never did you wrong, for to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I must confesse I have the least share in,

Because

Because the least acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your black memorie.

La. How is this good sir?

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a soule, will choak it;
Y'ave kil'd a Gentleman. *La.* I kild a Gentleman?

El. Lo. You and your cruelty have kil'd him woman,
And such a man (let me be angry in't,)
Whose least worth weighed above all womens vertues
That are: I spare you all to come too: guesse him now.

La. I am so innocent; I cannot sir.

El. Lo. Repent you meane, are you a perfect woman;
And as the first was, made for mans undoing?

La. Sir, you have mist your way, I am not she.

El. Lo. Would he had mist his way too, though he had
Wandred farther then women are ill spoken of,
So he had mist this miserie, you Lady.

La. How doe you doe Sir?

El. Lo. Well enough I hope.
While I can keep my self out from temptations.

La. Pray leap into the matter, whither would ye?

El. Lo. You had a Servant that your peevishnesse
Injoyn'd to travaile. *La.* Such a one I have
Still, and should be grieved 'twere otherwise.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead;
How you will answer for his worth, I know not,
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd,
To have given a stronger testimony to th'world,
Of what he might have been. He was a man,
I knew but in his evening, ten Suns after,
Forc'd by tyrant storm, our beaten Bark,
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow,
He cal'd upon his Saint, but not for life,
On you unhappy woman, and whilst all
Sought to preserve their soules, he desperately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it;
If any live, go to my *Fate* that forc'd me,

To this untimely end, and make her happy:
His name was *Lovlesse*, And I scap't the storm,
And now you have my businesse. *La.* 'Tis too much.
Would I had been that storm, he had not perish't.
If you'l raile now, I will forgive you sir.
Or if you'l call in more, if any more
Come from his ruine, I shall justly suffer
What they can say, I do confesse my self
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But grief is grown too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this well: these women are strange things.
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep:
You should haue wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with these teares at home.

La. Would you had told me then so, these two armes had been his Sea.

El. Lr. Trust me, you move me much: but say he lived, these were forgotten things again.

Lo. I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice: this is knavery, I'le fit you for it: Were he living sir, I would perswade you to be charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill, as your opinion holds us. Oh my friend, what pennance shall I put upon my fault, upon my most unworthy self for this?

El. Lo. Leave them to others, 'twas some jealousie,
That turn'd him desperate.

La. He be with you strait: are you wrung there?

El. Lo. This works amain upon her.

La. I do confesse there is a Gentleman,
Has borne me long good will. *El. Lo.* I do not like that.

La. And vowed a thousand services to me; to me, regardlesse of him: But since Fate, that no power can withstand, has taken from me my first, and best love, and to weepe away my youth is a meere folly, I will shew you what I determine sir: you shall know all: Call Mr. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste imbraces, keepe alive the memory of my lost lovely *Lovelesse*: he is somewhat like him too. *El. Lo.* Then you can love?

La. Yes certainly sir,
Though it please you to think me hard and cruell,
I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

El. Lo.

El. lo. I have made my ſelfe a fine foole. *Enter Welford.*

Wel. Would you have ſpoken with me Madam?

La. Yes, M. *Welf.* and I ask you pardon before this Gentleman, for being forward: this kiſſe, and henceforth more affection.

El. lo. So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Wel. This is a ſudden paſſion, God hold it.
This fellow out of his feare, ſure has
Perſwaded her. Ile give him a new ſuit on't.

La. A parting kiſſe, and good ſir, let me pray you
To wait me in the Gallerie.

Wel. I am in another world, Madam where you pleaſe. *Ex. Welf.*

El. lo. I will to Sea, an't ſhall go hard but Ile be drown'd indeed.

La. Now ſir you ſee I am no ſuch hard hearted creature,
But time may win mee.

El. lo. You have forgot your loſt love.

La. Alas ſir, what would you have me to doe? I cannot call him back again with ſorrow; Ile love this man as dearly, and beſhrow me, Ile keep him farre enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wiſe woman, that my firſt love ſhould bee drown'd, and ſee tis come about.

El. lo. I would ſhe had told you your ſecond ſhould bee hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very ſtrange.

La. Faith ſir, conſider all, and then I know you'l be of my mind:
If weeping could redeem him, I would weep ſtill.

El. lo. But ſay that I were *Loveleſſe*,
And ſcap'd the ſtorm, how would you anſwer this?

La. Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

El. lo. This young thing too?

La. This young thing too.
Or any young thing elſe: why, I would loſe my ſtate.

El. lo. Why then he lives ſtill; I am he, your *Loveleſſe*.

La. Alas I knew it ſir, and for that purpoſe prepared this Pageant: get you to your taske, and leave theſe Players trickes, or I ſhall leave you, indeed I ſhall. Travell, or know me not.

El. lo. Will you then marry?

La. I will not promiſe, take your choice. Farewell.

El. lo. There is no other Purgatorie but a woman:
I muſt doe ſomething. *Exit Loveleſſe.*

Wel. Miſtreſſe I am bold. *Enter Welford.*

La. You are indeed. *Wel.* You ſo over-joyed me Lady.

La. Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extreamly.

La. By this light and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

La. Indeed I can, where you shall never finde it. (on't-

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady. *La.* You shall have more

Wel. I must kisse you. *La.* No sir. *Wel.* Indeed I must.

La. What must be, must be: Ile take my leave, you have your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them, when you travell next, 'twere fit you brought lesse bravery with you, and more wit, you'l never get a wife else. *Wel.* Are you in earnest?

La. Yes faith. Will you eat sir, your Horses will bee ready straight, you shall have a napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

Wel. Doe not you love me then? *La.* Yes, for that face.

Wel. It is a good one Lady.

La. Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Me thinkes yours is none of the best Lady.

La. No by my troth sir; yet o'my conscience
You would make shift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

La. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentlemans horses, he's in haste; and set some cold meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that I thank you Lady: take your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you Lady.

La. Farewell young man. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. You have made me one, Farewell: and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devill and all his workes are in these women, would all of my sex were of my minde, would make um a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them. *Enter Abigall to him.*

Ab. I am sorry M. Welford. *Wel.* So am I that thou art here.

Ab. How does my Lady use you? *Wel.* As I would use thee,

Ab. I should have been more kinde sir. (scurvily.

Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray leave me, and looke to your sweet meats; hark your Lady calls.

A. Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

Wel. Thou art nothing but offence, for loves sake leave me.

Ab. Tis strange my Lady should be such a tyrant.

Wel.

Wel. To ſend you to me, pray goe ſtitch, good doe, y'are more trouble to me than a Terme.

Ab. I do not know how my good will, if I ſaid love, I lyed not, ſhould any way deſerve this.

Wel. A thouſand wayes, a thouſand wayes; ſweet creature let me depart in peace. *Ab.* What creature ſir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred I think by your noiſe.

Ab. Since you are angry ſir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman and a rib. *Wel.* Of a roſted horſe. *Abi.* Conſter me that.

Wel. A Dog can do it better; Farewell Counteſſe, and commend me to your Lady, tell her ſhe's proud and ſcurvie, and ſo I commit you both to your tempter. *Ab.* Sweet M. *Welford.*

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus*: Goe daub your ruines, thy face lookes fouler than a ſtorm: the Footman ſtayes you in the Lobby Lady.

Ab. If you were a Gentleman, I ſhould know it by your gentle conditions: are theſe fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horſes, Farewell old Adage, keep your noſe warme, the Rheume will make it horne elſe. *Exit Welford.*

Ab. The bleſſings of a prodigall young heir be thy companion *Welford*, marry come up my Gentleman, are your gums growne ſo tender they cannot bite? A skittiſh Filly will be your fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for ſuch a packſaddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to ſee her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigal:*

Enter young Loveleſſe and Comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savill, and the reſt.

Cap. Save thy brave ſhoulder, my young puiſſant Knight, and may thy back-ſword bite them to the bone, that love thee not, thou art an errant man, goe on. The circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the man that tills, thy ſword muſt be thy Plow, and *Jove* it ſpeed. *Mecha* ſhall ſweat, and *Mahomet* ſhall fall, and thy deare name fill up his Monument

Yo.Lo. It ſhall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou ſhalt be all.

More. Captain, I ſhall deſerve ſome of your love too, I hope.

Cap. Thou ſhalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garriſon, be rul'd, and open to me thoſe infernall gates, whence none of thy evill Angels paſſe again, and I will ſtile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*, Ile wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight ſhall feaſt her with high meats, and make her apt.

More. Pardon me Captain, y'are beſide my meaning.

Yo. lo. No, M. *Morecraft*, tis the Captaines meaning I ſhould prepare her for ye. *Cap*. Or provoke her.
Speak my modern man, I ſay provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I ſay ſo too, or ſtir her to it. So ſay the Criticks.

Yo. lo. But howſoever you expound it ſir, ſhe's very welcome, and this ſhall ſerve for witneſſe. And Widow, ſince y'are come ſo happily, you may deliver up the Keyes, and free poſſeſſion of this houſe, whilſt I ſtand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again beleeve me.
Tis a miſery to ſay you had it. Take heed.

Yo. lo. Tis paſt that Widow; come ſit down, ſome Wine there, there is a ſcurvie banquet if wee had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this faire houſe is yours ſir. *Savil?* *Sav*. Yes ſir.

Yo. Lo. Are your keyes ready, I muſt eaſe your burthen.

Sav. I am ready ſir to be undone when you ſhall call me to't.

Yo. lo. Come, come, thou ſhalt live better.

Sav. I ſhall have leſſe to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning againſt a bank, with half a breech among um, I ſhall be with um ſhortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this raſcall; what ſhall become of my poore family? they are no ſheep, and yet they muſt keep themſelves.

Yo. lo. Drink M. *Morecraft*, pray be merry all:
Nay, and you will not drink there's no ſocietie;
Captain, ſpeak loud, and drink: Widow a word?

Cap. Expound her throughly Knight. Here god a gold, here's to thy faire poſſeſſions: Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young heires like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies ſmoke. Feed men o'war, live and be honeſt, and be ſaved yet.

More. I thank you worthy Captain for your counſell, you keepe your chimnies ſmoking there, your noſtrils; and when you can, you feed a man of war, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: and how or when you ſhall be ſaved, let the Clerk o'th Company (you have commanded) have a juſt care of.

Poet. The man is much moved. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet ſings, let your diſpleaſure be a ſhort fury, and go out. You have ſpoke home and bitterly to me ſir: Captain take truce, the Miſer is a tart and a wittie whorſon.

Cap. Poet you fain perdie; the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he muſt tell all; his tongue fils his mouth like a neats-tongue,

and

and only ſerves to lick his hungrie chaps after a purchaſe: his brains & brimſtone are the Devils diet to a fat uſurers head: to her knight, to her, clap her aboard, and ſtow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poore friend, and *Savil* ſir.

Cap. Away, th'art rich in tenements of Nature. Firſt in thy face, thou haſt a ſerious face, a betting, bargaining, and ſaving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Uſurer; a face to kindle the compaſſion of the moſt ignorant and frozen Juſtice.

Sav. Tis ſuch I ſhall not dare to ſhew it ſhortly ſir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward. M. *Morecraft*, Drink to this man of reckoning. *More.* Here'se'ne to him.

Sav. The Devill guide it downward: would there were in't an aker of the great broom-field he bought, to ſweep your dirty conſcience, or to choke you, tis all one to me Uſurer.

Yo.lo. Conſider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly buſineſſe: Is it fit one of ſuch tenderneſſe, ſo delicate, ſo contrary to things of care, ſhould ſtirre and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin: Eat by the hope of ſurfets, and lie down onely in expectation of a morrow, that may undoe ſome eaſie hearted foole, or reach a Widowes curſes; let out money whoſe uſe returns the principall: and get out of theſe troubles, and conſuming heir: For ſuch a one muſt follow neceſſarie, you ſhall die hated, if not old and miſerable; and that poſſeſt wealth that you got with pining, live to ſee tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his cozenage. *Wid.* Sir, you ſpeak well, would God that charitie had firſt begun here. *Yo. lo.* Tis yet time. Be merrie, me thinkes you want wine there, there's more i'th houſe: Captaine, where reſts the health? *Cap.* It ſhall goe round boy.

Yo. lo. Say you can ſuffer this, becauſe the end points at much profit, can you ſo farre bow below your blood, below your too much beautie, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diſeaſes? If you can, I will not preſſe you further: yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound uſurer, that man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unleſſe his periſht lungs, his dry cough, or his ſcurvy. This is truth, and ſo far I dare ſpeak yet; he has yet, paſt cure of Phyſick, ſpaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones: and a'my knowledge he has been ten times roweld: ye may love him; he had a baſtard, his owne toward iſſue whipt, and then cropt for waſhing out the roſes, in three farthings

to

to make um pence. *Widow.* I do not like the Morals.

Yo. Lo. You must not like him then. *Enter Eld. Lo.*

Eld. Lo. By your leave Gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please, these friends here: we are merry, you see the worst on's; your house has been kept warm sir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it brother, pray God you are wise too.

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder brother, and Captaine, doe you complement; *Savill*, I dare sweare is glad at heart to see you: Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

More. This money must be paid back again sir.

Yo. Lo. No sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylors measures: I am well I thank you.

VVi By my troth the Gentleman has stewd him in his owne Sawce, I shall love him for't

Sa. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your Worship is the welcomst man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: wee have lived in a continuall *Turnball-street*: Sir, blest be the houre that sent you safe again; now shall I eat, and goe to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother dismisse these people.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while, meet me at my old *Randevouze* in the evening, take your small Poet with you. M. *Morecraft*, you were best goe prattle with your learned Councell, I shall preserve your money, I was cozened when time was, we are quit sir.

Wid. Better and better stil. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirsty Usurer, that supt my land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be Landlord of your House and State: I was bold to make a little sale sir.

More. Am I over-reach'd? if there be Law Ile hamper ye.

El. Lo. Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a fool I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of cozening, home and spare, eat Radish till you raise your sums again. If you stir farre in this, Ile have you whipt, your eares nail'd for intelligencing to'th Pillorie, and your goods forfeit: you are a stale cozener, leave my house: no more———

More

More. A pox upon your House. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i'th the hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and yet a Broker.

Yo. lo. Tis well said Widow: Will you jogge on sir?

More. Yes, I will goe, but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild foole and a woman,
May I lend *gratis*, and build Hospitals.

Yo.lo. Nay good sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

El.lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poore distressed younger brother.

Wid. You doe him wrong sir, he is a Knight.

El.lo. I ask you mercy: yet tis no matter, his knighthood is no inheritance I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your servant, or would be Lady. Faith be not mercilesse, but make a man; hee's young and hansome, though he be my brother, and his observances may deserve your love: he shall not fall for meanes.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother: and so much I doe credit your faire language, that I shall love your brother: and so love him, but I shall blush to say more.

El. lo. Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that houre when this shall be repented. Now brother, I should chide, but Ile give no distaft to your faire Mistris, I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo lo. Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

El.lo. To you good M. *Savil*, and your office; thus much I have to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your own Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect: give me your keyes sir *Savil*.

Sa. Good sir, consider who you left me to.

El. lo. I left you as a curb, not to provoke my brothers follies: where's the best drink now? come tell me *Savil*: where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, must you be leaping in my house, your whores, like Fairies dance their nights rounds, without feare either of King or Constable, within my walls? Are all my Hangings safe, my sheep unsold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha'too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good sir forgive me, and but heare me speak.

El.lo. Me thinkes thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis

th:

the more pardonable. *Sav.* I will sir, if you will have it so.

Elio. I thank ye: Yes, e'ne pursue it sir: do you hear? get a whore soon for your recreation: goe look out *Captain Broken-breech* your fellow, and quarrell if you dare: I shall deliver these keyes to one shall have more honestie, though not so much fine wit Sir. You may walk and gather *Cresses* sir, to cool your liver; there's something for you to begin a diet, you'l have the pox else; speed you well sir *Savil*: you may eat at my house to preserve life, but keep no fornication in the stables. *Exeunt omnes præter Savil.*

Sav. Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will look for't.
Eating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now:
I will run mad first, and if that get no pittie,
Ile drown my selfe to a most dismall dittie. *Exit Savil.*

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Enter Abigall solus.

Abig. Alas poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath Age brought thee? to what a scurvie Fortune? thou that hast beene a companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man must begge for favour to those, that would have crawld like Pilgrims to my Chamber, but for an apparition of me: you that be comming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence, that your profit may arise: it will not tarrie with you, *ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfet, eates out youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw um for't, has been a little bolder here than welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th house of fifty, call me Granam; and when they are drunk, e'ne then, when *Joane* and my *Lady* are all one, not one will doe me reason. My little Levite hath forsaken me, his silver sound of Citterne, quite abolisht his dolefull *hymnes* under my Chamber Window, digested into tedious learning: well foole, you leapt a haddock when you left him: he is a c'ean man, and a good edifier, and twentie nobles is his state *de claro*, besides his Pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: And love if ever thou hadst care of fourty, of such a peece of lape ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so far forth, that my faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader. *Enter Roger.*

See

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonicall, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellarmine*, or added something to the singing Brethren. Tis scorne, I know it, and deserve it. Master *Roger*.

Rog. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*. *Rog.* Ungentle *Abigal*.

Abig. Why M. *Roger*, will you set your wit to a weak womans?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings.

Ab. I doe confesse my weaknesse, sweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first mother in ye: and surely had the Devill been in love, he had been abused like me: Go *Dalila*, you make men fools, and weare fig-breeches.

Ab. Well, well, hard hearted man, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those Orient eyes.

Ro. I, they were pearles once with you.

Ab. Saving your reverence sir, so they are still.

Ro. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve me without spectacles, I thank um.

Ab. O will you kill me? *Ro.* I doe not think I can. Y'are like a Copy-hold with nine lives in't.

Ab. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you: For your own worships sake.

Ro. I was a Christian fool then: Do you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I praid for my own roial issue. You do remember all this? *Ab.* O be as then you were.

Ro. I thank you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigall*: And as the Ethnick Poet sings, I will not lose my oyle and labour too. Y'are for the worshipfull I take it *Abigal*.

Ab. O take it so, and then I am for thee.

Ro. I like these teares well, and this humbling also; they are Symptomes of contrition, as a Father saith. If I should fall into my fit againe, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcombe? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging Comfets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long Chapter with a Pedegree.

Abig.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will doe any thing, betray the secrets of the maine Household to thy reformation. My Ladie shall looke lovingly on thy learning; and when due time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy egges to penie custards, and thy tithe goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithfull kisse; but have a great care Mistresse *Abigall*, how you depresse the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mockes: for certainly the edge of such a folly cuts it self.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow; here I vow a recantation to those malitious faults I ever did against you. Never more wil I despise your learning, never more pin cards and Cony-tailes upon your Cassock, never again reproach your reverend night-cap, & call it by the mangie name of Murrin, never your reverend person more, and say, you look like one of *Baals* Priests in the hanging; never again when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at praiers, never cramp you more with the great book of Martyrs, nor when you ride, get sope & thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my teares appeares.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I should bee hang'd, I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved *Abigall*, and doe even what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigall*. I am thine own for ever, here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

Enter Lady and Martha.

La. Why how now Master *Roger*, no praiers downe with you to night? Did you heare the bell ring? you are courting: your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly aske your pardon: Ile chop up praiers (but stay a little) and be with you again. *Exit Rog.* *Enter El.Lo.*

La. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow,
Presume to come to move me any more?

Eld. lo. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* What ailes the fellow?

Eld. lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you, I tell you Ladie, I would not for your land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Asse, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

La. I joy to heare you are wise, 'tis a rare jewell
in an elder brother: pray be wiser yet.

Eld. lo. Me thinkes I am very wise; I doe not come a wooing,
Indeed ile move no more love to your Ladiship.

La.

La. What make you here then ?

Eld.lo. Onely to ſee you and be merrie Ladie: that's all my buſineſſe. Faith let's be verie merrie. Where's little Roger ? he's a good fellow, an houre or two well ſpent in wholſome mirth, is worth a thouſand of theſe puling paſſions, 'Tis an ill world for Lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

Eld.lo. I thank heaven there's one leſſe for me Ladie.

La. You were never any ſir.

Eld.lo. Till now, and now I am the prettieſt fellow.

La. You talk like a Tailor ſir,

Eld lo. Me thinkes your faces are no ſuch fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wiſe ? What a lying Age is this ? Where will you mend theſe faces ?

Eld.lo. A hogs face ſouſt is worth a hundred of um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your mother.

Eld.lo. She brought forth ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parſons, Ladie.

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergie yet.

Eld. lo. That wil not ſave you O that I were in love again with a wiſh. *La.* By this light y'are a ſcurvie fellow, pray be gone.

Eld. lo. You know I am a clean skind man. *La.* Do I know it ?

Eld.lo. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good : but not a ſnap, never long for't, not a ſnap deare Ladie.

La. Hark ye ſir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horſe-fleſh for ſuch hounds : will you go ſir ?

El. lo. Lord how I lov'd this woman, how I worſhipt this pretty calfe with the white face here : as I live, you were the prettieſt foole to play withall, the wittieſt little varlet, it would take: Lord how it talk't : and when I angred it, it would cry out, and ſcratch, and eat no meat, and it would ſay, go hang.

La. It will ſay ſo ſtill if you anger it.

El.lo. And when I askt it if it would be married, it ſent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

La. Sir, this is moſt unmanly, pray be gone.

El. lo. And ſweare (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhanſome. *La.* Have you no manners in you ?

El. lo. And ſay my back was melted, when heaven knowes, I kept it at a charge : Foure *Flanders* Mares would have been eaſier to me, and a Fencer. *La.* You think all this is true now.

El.lo. Faith whether it be or no, tis too good for you.

But ſo much for our mirth. Now have at you in earneſt.

La. There's enough ſir, I deſire no more.

El. lo. Yes faith, we'l have a caſt at your beſt parts now,
And then the Devill take the worſt.

La. Pray ſir no more, I am not ſo much affected with your commendations, 'tis almoſt dinner, I know they ſtay for you at the Ordinarie.

El. lo. E'ne a ſhort Grace, and then I am gone: You are a woman, and the proudeſt that ever lov'd a Coach: the ſcornfulleſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenſleſſe woman, the greedieſt to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be groſſe and open: the moſt envious, that at the poore fame of anothers face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it: of ſuch a ſelf opinion, that you think none can deſerve your glove: and for your malice, you are ſo excellent, you might have been your tempters Tutor: nay, never cry.

La. Your own heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. lo. You ſhall before I leave you.

La. Is all this ſpoke in earneſt?

El. lo. Yes, and more, as ſoon as I can get it out.

La. Well, out with't. *El. lo.* You are: let me ſee:

La. One that has us'd you with too much reſpect.

El. lo. One that has us'd me (ſince you will have it ſo) the baſeſt, the moſt foot-boy like, without reſpect of what I was, or what you might be by me: you have us'd me as I would uſe a jade, ride him off's legges, then turn him to the Commons: you have us'd me with diſcretion, and I thank ye. If you have many more ſuch pretty ſervants, pray build an Hoſpitall, and when they are old, pray keep um for ſhame. *La.* I cannot think yet this is ſerious.

El. lo. Will you have more on't?

Lv. No faith, there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all my part: you are no lover then?

El. lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why, the Gods amend all

El. lo. Neither do I thinke there can bee ſuch a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with ſuch a froward woman: if there bee ſuch, th'are mad, *Jove* comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, as ſpirited, that I feele my ſelfe cleane through another creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own man, I can ſee you now as I would ſee a picture, ſit all day by you, and never kiſſe your hand,

heare

heare you sing and never fall backward: but with as set a temper as I would heare a Fidler, rise and thank you. I can now keep my money in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfs and Wastcoats, and keep my hand from Mercers sheeps skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my selfe with my two shillings, and can see a Play for eighteen pence again, I can my Lady, I can.

La. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me speake a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

El. lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech?

La. Thou perjur'd man. *El.lo.* Ha, ha, ha, this a fine *exordium*?
And why I pray you perjur'd?

La. Did you not sweare a thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best of all things?

El. lo. I doe confesse it: make your use of that.

La. Why doe you say you doe not then?

El. lo. Nay, Ile sweare it.
And give sufficient reason, your own usage.

La. Doe you not love me now then? *El.lo.* No faith.

La. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?

El.lo. Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

La. Doe not deny your hand, for I must kisse it, and take my last farewell: now let me die, so you be happie.

El.lo. I am too foolish: Lady, speak deare Lady.

La. No, let me die. *She swounes.*

Ma. O my sister! *Abig.* O my Lady, help, help.

Mar. Run for some *Rosasolis*.

El. lo I have plaid the fine asse; bend her body: Lady, best, dearest, worthiest Lady, heare your servant: I am not as I shew'd. O wretched foole to fling away the jewell of thy life thus. Give her more aire; see, she begins to stir, sweet Mistresse heare me.

La. Is my servant well? *El. lo.* In being yours, I am so.

La. Then I care not.

El.lo. How doe ye? Reach a chaire there; I confesse my fault not pardonable: in presuming thus upon such tendernesse, my wilfull error; but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus strangely, not the world had won me to it, and let not (my best Lady) any word spoke to any end, disturb your quiet peace: For sooner shall you know a generall ruine, than my faith broken. Doe not doubt this Mistresse; for by my life I cannot live without you.

Come

Come, come, you ſhall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction on me: I will ſuffer, O I could curſe my ſelfe, pray ſmile upon me. Upon my faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely that you would never ſhew it, though my meanes was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha. *El. lo.* How now?

La. I thank you fine foole for your moſt fine plot; this was a ſubtile one, a ſtiffe device to have caught Dottrels with, good ſenſleſſe ſir, could you imagine I ſhould ſwoun for you, and know your ſelf to be an arrant Aſſe? I ha' diſcovered one. Tis quit, I thank you ſir, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed ſir, ſhe may chance to ſwoun again.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, ſee how ſhe changes colour.

El. lo. Ile goe to hell firſt, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I doe confeſſe it, finely fool'd:
Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

La Faith tis not ſo much worth ſir.
But if I knew when you come next a burding,
Ile have a ſtronger nooſe to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. lo. I am glad to ſee you merry: pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you.

La. You'l anger him,
And then hee'l raile like a rude Coſtermonger,
That School-boyes had cozened of his Apples,
As loud and ſenſleſſe. *El. lo.* I will not raile.

Mar. Faith then let's heare him ſifter.

El. lo. Yes, you ſhall heare me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

El. lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile have him Sainted: blowes will not doe it.

La. By this light he'l beat us. *El. lo.* You do deſerve it richly.
And you may live to have a Beadle do it.

La. Now he railes. *El. lo.* Come ſcornfull folly.
If this be railing, you ſhall heare me raile.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. lo. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweb-lawne. *La.* You bite ſir.

El. lo. I would, till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

Mar.

Mar. We had best muzzle him, he growes mad.

El. lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sicknesse to have the Dogges spared, those harmlesse creatures, and knockt i'th head these hot continuall plagues, women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't. *La.* Are you well sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

El.lo. Green-ginger wil cure me. *Ab.* Ile heat a trencher for him.

El.lo. Durty *December*, doe: Thou with a face as old as *Erra Pater*, such a prognosticating nose; thou thing that ten yeares since has left to be a woman, outworn the expectation of a Baud, and thy drie bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or nine-pins; pray go fetch a trencher, goe. *La.* Let him alone, he's crackt.

Ab. Ile see him hang'd first, he's a beastly fellow to use a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, I'de make him eat his knaves words.

Eld.lo. Tie your she Otter up, good Ladie folly, foh, she stinkes worse than a Bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

Eld.lo. Goe paint and purge, call in your kennell with you: you a Lady?

Ab. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behaviour in the world, Ile have thee bound to it.

Eld. lo. You must not seek it in your Ladies house then; pray send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigall*, and Madam, that your Ladiship may know, in what base manner ye have us'd my service, I doe from this houre hate yee heartily; and though your follie should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wrongs, tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me, not all the friends you have make intercession, nor your submissive letters, though they spoke as many teares as words; not your knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your state to kisse you; nor my pardon and will to give you Christian buriall, if you die thus; so farewell. When I am married, and made sure, ile come and visit you againe, and vex you Lady. By all my hopes, Ile be a torment to you, worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and sue to me; but save that labour: Ile rather love a fever and continuall thirst, rather contract my youth to drinke, and sacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawne Whore from an Hospitall, that time, diseases, and *Mercurie* had eaten, than to bee drawne to love you.

La. Ha,ha,ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

m*El. lo.* From thee, falſe dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Sum-
rs, good Lord deliver me. *Exit elder Loveleſſe.*

La. But harke you ſervant,harke ye : is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padock.

La. Art thou here ſtill ? flie,flie, and call my ſervant, flie, or nere ſee me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again than ſee that Raſcall, but I muſt doe it. *Exit Abigal.*

La. I would be loath to anger him too much ; what fine foolerie is this in a woman, to uſe thoſe men moſt frowardly they love moſt ? If I ſhould loſe him thus, I were rightly ſerved. I hope hee's not ſo much himſelfe , to take it to th'heart. How now ? will he come back ?

Abig. Never he ſweares, whilſt he can heare men ſay there's any woman living : he ſwore he would ha' me firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him wench ?

Abig. As well as I could Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent,and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuſe him. There's another way,if you could hit on't.

La. Thou ſaieſt true, get me paper, pen and inke, Ile write to him, I'de be loath he ſhould ſleep in's anger.
Women are moſt fools when they think th'are wiſeſt. *Ex.omnes.*

Muſicke. Enter Young Loveleſſe and Widow going to be married, with them his Comrades.

Wid. Pray ſir caſt off theſe fellowes, as unfitting for your bare knowledge,and far more your companie : is't fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are, ſhould beare the name of Friends,and furniſh out a civill houſe ? Y'are to be married now, and men that love you,muſt expect a courſe farre from your old carriage : if you will keepe um, turn um to'th ſtable, and there make um groomes : and yet now I conſider it, ſuch beggars once ſet a horſeback, you have heard will ride, how far you had beſt to look to.

Capt. Heare you, you that muſt be Lady, pray content your ſelf, and think upon your carriage ſoon at night, what dreſſing will beſt take your Knight, what waſtcoat, what cordiall will doe well i'th morningfor him,what triers have you ?

Wid. What doe you mean ſir ?

Capt. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him up : if he ſtart well, feare not, but cry Saint *George*, and beare him hard : when you perceive his wind

wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, he's fleet, nere doubt him, and stands sound.

Wid. Sir, you heare these fellowes?

Yo.lo. Merrie companions, wench, merrie companions.

Wid. To one another let um be companions, but good Sir not to you: You shall be civill, and slip off these base trappings.

Cap. He shall not need, my most sweet Ladie Grocer, if he be civill, not your powdred Sugar, not your rotten Reasons, shall perswade the Captaine to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil and feed i'th *Arches*, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civill, doe: undoe him: I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be Civill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to live with him: be civill, there's a trim perswasion.

Cap. If thou be'st civill Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another nose, that will be pul'd off by the angry boyes for thy conversion: the children thou shalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy sport meere morall lechery: when they are grown, having but little in um, they may prove Haberdashers, or grosse Grocers, like their deare Dam there: prethee be civill Knight, in time thou maist read to thy houshold, and be drunk once a yeare: this would shew finely.

Yo.lo. I wonder sweet heart, you will offer this, you do not understand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithie: I had rather cast you off by the way of charge: these are creatures that nothing goes to the maintenance of, but corn and water. I will keepe these fellowes just in the competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so sir, you have my liking: if they eat less, I should not be offended. But how these Sir, can live upon so little as corn and water, I am unbelieving.

Yo.lo. Why prethee sweet heart, what's your Ale? is not that corn and water, my sweet Widow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and clothes, that they must look for?

Yo. lo. In this short sentence, *Ale*, is all included, Meat, Drink, and Cloth; These are no ravening Footmen, no fellowes that at Ordidinaries do eat their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise, and yet goe hungry to a Play, and crack more nuts than would suffice a dozen Squirrels; besides the din which is damnable: I had rather raile, and be confin'd to a bear-baiting, than live among such Rascals: these are people of such a clean discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot meat,

Porrenge is poyson, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and shew um but a Fetherbed they swound. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keeps their bodies cleare and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost roome fils an Apple, which is more aire, and of subtiler nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little easie: For like strict men of Order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborne Table: if a chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rushes, they are in Downe: when they are sicke, that's drunke, they may have fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparell, tis worn out to the diet: new they seek none; and if a man should offer, they are angry, scarce to bee reconcil'd again with him: you shall not heare um aske mee a cast doublet once in a year: which is modesty befitting my poor friends. You see their *wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For shirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Louzie they will be when they list, and mangle, which shewes a fine varietie: and then to cure 'em a Tanners lime-pit, which is little charge, to Dogs and these: these two may be cur'd for three pence.

Wid. You have halfe perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends, since I do know your diet, ile take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mightie Ladie; and if we perish, then our own sinnes on us.

Yo.lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we have done, ile give you chear in bowles. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus 5. Scena. 1.

Enter Elder Loveleſſe.

Eld. Lo. This senseleſſe woman vexes me toth'heart, she will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhansome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, she might have scorn'd me; but to be young, and by this light, I think as proper as the proudest, made as clean, as straight, as strong backt; means and manners equall with the best cloth of silver, sir, i'th kingdom: but these are things at some time of the moon, below the cut of canvas: sure she has some meaching rascall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seen beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with it, thrash all day, and i'th evening in his stockins strike up a horn-pipe, and there stinke

two

two hours, and nere a whit the worseman: these are they, these steel chind rascals that undoe us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter servant.*

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak with you.

El.lo. Bid him come in. *Enter Welford.*

Wel. By your leave sir.

El.lo. You are welcome, what's your will sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El.lo. I doe not much remember you.

Wel. You must sir, I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong in your disguise, I have inquired you out.

El.lo. I was disguised indeed sir, if I wrong'd you, pray where, & when? *Wel.* In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El.lo. I do remember you, you seem'd to be a Suiter to that Ladie?

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how scurvily you us'd me; that was no place to quarrell in, pray you thinke of it: if you be honest, you dare fight with me, without more urging, else I must provoke yee.

El.lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman; I will not have her in my cause, she is mortall, and so is not my anger: if you have brought a nobler subject for our swords, I am for you: in this I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, to doe wrong is the greatest: credit me, we have been both abused (not by our selves, for that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice, and may with man enough be left forgotten) but by that wilful, scornful peece of hatred, that much forgetfull Ladie: For whose sake, if we should leave our reason, and run on upon our sense, like Rams, the little World of good men would laugh at us, and despise us, fixing upon our desperate memories, the never-worn out names of Fooles and Fencers. Sir, tis not fear, but reason makes me tell you; in this I had rather help you sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though you throw your selfe into as many dangers as she offers, though you redeem her lost name every day, and find her out new honours with your sword, you shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I aske you mercie sir, you have tane my edge off: yet I would fain be even with this Ladie.

El.lo. In which ile be your helper: We are two, and they are two: two sisters, rich alike, onlie the elder hath the prouder Dowrie: In troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine own I am senseleſse: do but follow my counsell, and ile pawn my spirit, wee'l over-reach

'em yet, the means is this. *Enter servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred sir.

El.lo. It is the waiting woman, pray be not seen: Sirrah hold her in discourse a while: hark in your eare, goe and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, ile tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. *Exit Welford.*

El.lo. Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady *Gwiniver*, what newes with you? *Enter Abigall.*

Ab. Pray leave these frumps sir, and receive this letter.

El.lo. From whom, good vanitie?

Abig. Tis from my Ladie sir: Alas good soule, shee cries and takes on.

El.lo. Does she so good soule? would she not have a Cawdle? doe's she send you with your fine Oratorie goodie *Tully* to tie me to beliefe again? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my Tiller bring down your *Gibship*, and then have you cas'd, and hung up i'th Warren.

Abig. I am no beast sir, would you knew it.

El.lo. Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtfull: What will you say now? *Abig.* Nothing not I.

El.lo. Art thou a Woman, and say nothing?

Abig. Unlesse youl heare mee with more moderation: I can speak wise enough.

El.lo. And loud enough? Will your Lady love me?

Ab. It seemes so by her letter and her lamentations; but you are such another man.

El.lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be: Ile read her fine Epistle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistresse mad?

Abig. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should use a poore Gentlewoman so untowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because she jested with you, mean to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say.

El.lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whitleather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been Touchwood five yeares since; Nay, let it rain, thy face chops for a shower like a dry Dunghill.

Ab. Ile not indure this Ribauldry; farewell i'th devils name: If my Lady die, Ile be sworn before a Jury thou art the cause on't.

El.lo. Do Maukin do, deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other businesse: which before Ile want to

come

come to her, I mean to go ſeek birds neſts: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this door till I ſee her, wil I think how to raile vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry ſo much, that the Phyſician, if ſhe fall ſick upon't, ſhall want urine to finde the cauſe by: and ſhe remedileſſe die in her hereſie: Farewell old Adage, I hope to ſee the Boyes make pot-guns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile man, God bleſſe my iſſue from thee.

Ell. Thou haſt but one, and that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble ſo; you muſt be ground i'th breech like a top, you'l nere ſpin well elſe: Farewell Fychock. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not ſtrange that every Womans will ſhould tracke out new wayes to diſturb her ſelfe? If I ſhould call my reaſon to account, it cannot anſwer why I keep my ſelfe from mine own wiſh; and ſtop the man I love from his; and every houre repent again, yet ſtill goe on: I know 'tis like a man that wants his naturall ſleepe, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two houres reſt; yet through his frowardneſs, wil rather chuſe to watch another man, drowſie as he, then take his own repoſe. All this I know: yet a ſtrange peeviſhneſſe and anger, not to have the power to doe things unexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather die ſomtimes, then not diſgrace in publick him whom people think I love, & doe't with oathes, and am in earneſt then. O what are we! Men, you muſt anſwer this, that dare obey ſuch things as wee commmand. How now, what newes? *Enter Abigall.*

Ab. Faith Madam, none worth hearing. *La.* Is he not come?

Ab. No truly. *La.* Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your ſelfe.

La. Why, but what ſayes he?

Ab. Faith he talks ſtrangely. *La.* How ſtrangely?

Ab. Firſt at your letter he laught extreamly.

La. What, in contempt?

Ab. He laught monſtrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrot it, I thinke you were in no ſuch merry mood, to provoke him that way: and having done, he cried alas for her, and violently laught again. *La.* Did he? *Ab.* Yes, till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? Why wert thou angry? he does but well, I did deſerve it, he had been a foole, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me: You were angry, that ſhewd your folly; I ſhall love him more for that, then all that ere he did before; but ſaid he nothing elſe?

Ab. Many uncertain things he said: though you had mockt him, because you were a woman, hee could wish to doe you so much favour as to see you: yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave. *La.* What one was that?

Ab. I know not, but truly I doe feare there is a making up there: for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great Conveyances in haste, which they said were for their Mistresse Jointer.

La. Tis very like and fit it should be so, for hee does thinke, and reasonably think, that I should keep him with my idle trickes for ever ere he be married.

Ab. At last he said, it should goe hard, but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd women know as well as men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac'd, and give respect there where we are respected: yet we practise a wilder course, and never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us a neglect: then we, too late, perceive the losse of what wee might have had, and dote till death. *Enter Martha.*

Mar. Sister, yonders your servant with a gentlewoman with him.

La. Where? *Mar.* Close at the doore.

La. Ah! Alas I am undone, I feare he is betroth'd.
What kind of Woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favoured one, with her masque on:
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stuffe then mine was.

Enter Eld. Loveleſſe, and Welford in womans apparell.

La. Now I see him if my heart swell not again (away thou Womans pride) so that I cannot speak a gentle word to him, let me not (live.

Eld. lo. By your leave here.

La. How now, what new trick invites you hither?
Ha'you a fine device again?

Eld. lo. Faith this is the finest device I have now:
How dost thou sweet heart?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please
You my deare lover, I nor can, nor will,
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. lo. O thy sweet temper! What would I have given that Lady had been like thee: seest thou her? that face (my love) joyn'd with

thy

thy humble mind, had made a Wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend, I use no paint, nor any drugs of art, my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? do you take money for it?

Eld. lo. A thing not to be bought for money: tis my Mistresse, in whom there is no passion, nor no scorn: what I wil is her law: pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light I would not kisse her for halfe my wealth. *Eld. Lo.* Why? Why pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you; look you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a beast would not have don't, I would not kisse thee of a moneth, to gain a kingdome.

Eld. lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. Why was there ever such a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art mad.

Eld. lo. I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape and colour else but pictures? In that tawny Hide there lies an endlesse masse of vertues, when all your red and white ones want it.

La. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

Eld. l. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy. *Eld. lo* Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good wish:
The like to you when ever you shall wed.

Eld. lo. O gentle spirit. *La.* You thank me? I pray
Keep your breath nearer you, I doe not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much lesse a Lady of your worthy parts. *Eld. lo.* Sweet, sweet.

La. I doe not think this Woman can by nature be thus,
Thus ugly; sure she's some common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sin.

Wel. O sir, beleeve not this, for heaven to comfort me, as I am free from foul pollution with any man; my honour tane away, I am no Woman.

Eld. lo. Arise my dearest soule, I doe not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender heart will break with this reproach: fie, that you know no more civilitie to a weake virgin. 'Tis no matter sweet, let her say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all: be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honor, Me thinks.

Eld. lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd;

Is this the businesse that you sent for me about?

Mar. Faith sister, you are much too blame, to use a Woman, whatsoere she be, thus; Ile salute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El lo. Milde yet as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come, shall we go, I love thee not so ill as to keep thee here a jesting stock. Adieu to the worlds end. *La.* Why, whither now?

El. lo. Nay, you shall never know, because you shall never find me.

La. I pray let me speak with you. *El. lo.* Tis verywell: come.

La. I pray you let me speak with you. *El. lo.* Yes for another mock

La. By heaven I have no mocks: good sir, a word.

E. lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if you be in such earnest, Ile speak a word with you; but I beseech you be briefe: for in good faith there's a Parson and a Licence stay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoken jestingly, forgot: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

El. lo. Well, well, what doe you mean?

La. Was not I once your Mistresse, and you my Servant?

Eld. lo. O 'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay, good sir stay me out; I would but heare you excuse your selfe, why you should take this Woman and leave me.

Eld. lo. Prethee why not, deserves she not as much as you?

La. I think not, if you wil look with an indifferency upon us both

El. lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true; but if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women of her in worth: she cannot swound in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishnes, and his affection, nor crosse what he sayes, though it be Canonicall. She's a good plain Wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty Boyes to throw the sledge, & lift at pigs of lead: and for a Wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie a bed and get um? your busines is to dresse you, and at idle hours to eat, when she can do a thousand profitable things: she can do pretty well in the Pastry, & knows how pullen should be cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a threed, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were farre beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forsweare your selfe?

El. lo. Forsweare my selfe, How?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oathes you have uttered,

uttered, in disclaiming all for wives but me.

El.lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oathes is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him: so there were no crosse act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not, I make already tender of my selfe, and then you are forsworn.

El.lo. Some sinne I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deales with women, shall never utterly avoid it: yet I would chuse the least ill: which is, to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman; contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had been past getting of children, then her that hath forsaken her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

La. Which of us swore you first to? *El.lo.* Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then?

El.lo. I Prethee do not urge my sinnes unto me,
Without I could amend um. *La.* Why, you may, by wedding me.

El.lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

La. Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction:
'Tis an errour fit for repentance onely.

El.lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?
It may not be. *La.* Why may it not be? –

El.lo. I sweare I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honesty?

La. What honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way.
Come, by this light servant thou shalt, Ile kisse thee on't.

El.lo. This kisse indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie under it.

La. There's no sin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my heart.

Mar. Help sister, this Lady swounes.

Eld.lo. How doe you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you bee so, a most ungodly thing. *Eld. lo.* Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath, when you delaid me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will goe without delay suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappell, Ile wed you, and to bed.

La. A match deare servant.

El. lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit, if I be not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you goe, as slily as you think to steal away, yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may live to be an aged paire. All curses on me, if I doe not speake what I doe wish indeed.

El.lo. If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a villain.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? think you he will not cast you off to morrow; to wrong a Lady thus, look't she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas, I was unworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty, too good for him: I would not see your wedding for a world.

La. Chuse, chuse, come *Yonglove.* *Ex. La. El. Lo.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes forsooth, you shall not thinke we are all uncivill. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: no let me suffer truly, that I desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse than mine; I wish I could but do you right. *Wel.* My humble thankes: God grant I may but live to quit your love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveless and Savill.

Yong Lo. Did your Master send for me *Savill*?

Sav. Yes, he did send for your Worship sir.

Yo.lo. Doe you know the businesse?

Sav. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am imploy'd beyond my houres of eating. My dancing dayes are done sir.

Yo.lo. What art thou now then?

Sav. If you consider me in little, I am with your Worships reverence sir, a Rascall; one that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches: My Wife is learning now to weave Incle.

Yo.lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy children *Savill*?

Sa. My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, & your Worship knows, that's a pretty step to mens compassions: My youngest Boy I purpose sir to bind for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercie in his function.

Yo.lo. Your family is quartered with discretion; you are resolved to Cant then: Where *Savill* shall your Scene lie?

Sav.

Sav. Beggers must be no choosers;
In every place (I take it) but the stockes.

Yo.lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savill*;
I told you of it, but your heart was hardned.

Sav. Tis true, you were the first that told me of it indeed, I doe remember yet in teares; you told me you would have whores, and in that passion sir, you broke out thus; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshead; Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Yo.lo. Y'are grown a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can clear your head better then mustard. Ile be a Sutor for your Keyes again sir.

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me sir, I shall be bound.

Yo.lo. You shall sir, to your Bunch again, or Ile misse fouly.

Enter Morecraft.

More: Save you Gentleman, save you.

Yo.lo. Now Polcat, what yong Rabbets nest have you to draw?

More. Come, prethee be familiar Knight.

Yo.lo. Away Fox, Ile send for Terriers for you.

More. Thou art wide yet: Ile keep thee companie.

Yo.lo. I am about some busnesse; Indentures,
If you follow me ile beat you; take heed,
As I live, ile cancell your coxcomb.

More. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Usurer.
What poore fellow's this? *Sav.* I am poore indeed sir.

More. Give him money Knight.

Yo.lo. Doe you begin the offering.

More. There poore fellow, here's an angell for thee.

Yo.lo. Art thou in earnest *Morecraft*?

More. Yes faith Knight, ile follow thy example: thou hadst land, and thousands, thou spentst and flungst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchas'd, wrung & wier-draw'd for my wealth, lost and was cozen'd: for which I make a vow, to try all the wayes above ground, but ile find a constant meanes to riches without curses.

Yo.lo. I am glad of your conversion Mr *Morecraft*.
Y'are in a faire course, pray pursue it still.

More. Come, we are all Gallants now, ile keep thee company: here honest fellow, for this gentlemans sake, there's 2 angels more for thee

Sav. Heaven quite you sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo.lo. Wilt thou persevere?

More. Till I have a peny, I have brave clothes a making, and two horses; canst thou help mee to a match Knight? Ile lay a

thousand pound upon my Crop-eare.

Yo.lo. Foot, this is stranger then an *Affrick* monster;
There will be no more talk of warres
Whilst this lasts; come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted, I beseech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of my keyes; I like his good beginning sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your Worships. *Yo.lo.* He shall sir.

More. Shall we goe noble Knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo.lo. Ile be your servant sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eld. Loveleſſe, and Lady.

El.lo. Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your subtilties and fine devices; be coy again now.

La. Prethee sweet-heart tell true.

Eld.lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I have had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly, I have cast beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer *Welford.*

La. It cannot be so.

Eld.lo. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake, marke how shee blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travell, now, ha, ha, ha. *La.* Prethee sweet heart, be quiet, thou hast angred me at heart. *Eld. lo.* Ile please you soon again. *La.* *Welford.*

El.lo. I *Welford*, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and landed: your sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I by this time. *La.* Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus?

Eld. lo. Yes ifaith. And over shall be fetcht again, never feare it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me:
You have got the Sun sir.

Eld. lo. And the Moon too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have hunted three traines more before you had come to'th course; you should have hankt o'th bridle sir, ifaith.

El.lo. I knew it, and min'd with you; and so blew you up.
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake sir, be privat in this businesse.
You have undone me else. O heaven what have I done?

Wel. No harm I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again, with what face?

Wel. Why e'ne with this: 'tis a good one, thou canst not finde a better: looke upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall

finde

finde um ſmooth ſtill, faire ſtill, ſweet ſtill, and to your thinking honeſt; thoſe have done as much as you have yet, or dare doe Miſtreſſe, and yet they keep no ſtirre.

Mar. Good ſir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on: If you you be ſeen thus, I am loſt for ever.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Miſtreſſe: I am no foole; here will I tarry till the houſe be up, and witneſſe with me.

Mar. Good deare friend goe in.

Wel. To bed again if you pleaſe, elſe I am fixt here till there bee notice taken who I am, and what I have done: if you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and ſo cog me out of your company, all this would be forſworn, and I again an Aſinego, as your ſiſter left me. No, Ile have it known and publiſht; then if you'l bee a Whore, forſake me and be aſhamed: and when you can hold out no longer, marry ſome caſt *Cleve Captain*, and ſell Bottle-Ale.

Mar. I dare not ſtay ſir, uſe me modeſtly, I am your wife.

Wel. Go in, Ile make up all.

El.lo. Ile be a witneſſe of your naked truth ſir: this is the Gentlewoman, prethee look upon him, this is he that made me breake my faith, ſweet: but thank your ſiſter, ſhe hath ſoderd it.

La. What a dull Aſſe was I, I could not ſee this *Welford* from a wench: twenty to one if I had been buttender like my ſiſter, he had ſerved me ſuch a ſlippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El.lo. I would have watcht you ſir, by your good patience, for Ferriting in my ground.

La. You have been with my ſiſter.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El.lo. An heire into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft this three hours, that's the leaſt, I am reaſonable coole now.

La. Cannot you fare wel, but you muſt cry Roaſt-meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bleſſe the Founders, is either ſurfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine own part, I have found ſo ſweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot ſpare it.

El.lo. How like you this diſh *Welford*? I made a ſupper on't, and fed ſo heartily, I could not ſleep.

La. By this light, had I but ſented out your traine, ye had ſlept with a bare pillow in your armes, and kiſt that, or elſe the bed-poſt, for any wife you had got this twelve-month yet; I would have vext

you

you more then a tyr'd Post-horse, and been longer bearing, then ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord that I were unmarried again.

El.lo. Lady, I would not undertake yee, were you again a Haggard, for the best cast of Ladies i'th kingdome: you were ever ticklefooted, and would not trusse round.

Wel. Is she fast? *El.lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without feare of losing: take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister: Lord what a prettie furie she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a man: but I think I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o'th Town.

El. lo. What did yee?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El.lo. She has a shrewd guesse at it, I see it by her.

La. Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my Mary *Ambree*, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow fitter a great deale for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, me thought it was well,
You are so curious.

Enter Young Loveless, his Lady, Morecraft, Savill, and two Servingmen.

El.lo. Get on your Doublet, here comes my brother.

Yo.lo. Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

More. God save you, and good morrow to you all.

El.lo. Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this shames me.

More. Prethee good fellow help me to a cup of Beere.

Ser. I will sir.

Yo. lo. Brother, what make you here? Will this Ladie doe?
Will she? is she not netled still? *El.lo.* No, I have cur'd her.
Mr *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, he is my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

Yo.lo. I shall not be your debtor sir. But how is't with you?

El. lo. As well as may be man? I am married: your new acquaintance hath her sister, and all's well.

Yo.lo. I am glad on't. Now my prettie Ladie sister,
How doe you find my brother?

La. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo.lo. Hee'l make the better husband: you have tried him?

La. Against my will sir.

Yo. lo. Hee'l make you well amends soon, do not doubt it;
But sir, I must intreat you to be better known

To this converted *Jew* here.

Ser. Here's Beere for you sir.

Mor. And here's for you an Angell.

Pray buy no land, 'twill never prosper sir. *El. lo.* How's this?

Yo.lo. Blesse you, and then ile tell you: he's turned Gallant.

El.lo. Gallant?

Yo.lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft.*

The Reason Ile inform you at more leasure.

Wel. O good sir, let me know him presently.

Yo.lo. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I must keep you company. *El. lo.* And reason.

Yo.lo. *Cutting Morecraft* faces about, I must present another.

More. As many as you will sir, I am for um.

Wel. Sir, I shall doe you service.

More. I shall look for't in good faith Sir.

El.lo. Prethee good sweet heart kisse him.

La. Who's that fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me: my keyes good sir.

Yo.lo. Ile doe it presently.

El.lo. Come, thou shalt kisse him for our sport sake.

La. Let him come on then; and doe you heare, doe not instruct me in these trickes, for you may repent it.

El. lo. That at my perill. Busty Mr. *Morecraft*,

Here is a Lady would salute you.

More. She shall not lose her longing sir: What is she?

El.lo. My wife sir. *More.* She must be then my Mistresse.

La. Must I sir? *El.lo.* O yes, you must.

More. And you must weare this Ring, a poore pawn

Of some fiftie pound.

El. lo. Take it by any means, 'tis lawfull prize.

La. Sir, I shall call you servant.

More. I shall be proud on't. What fellow's that?

Yo.lo. My Ladies Coachman.

More. There's something (my friend) for you to buy whips,

And for you sir, and you sir.

El.l. Under a miracle this is the strangest I ever heard of.

More. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we doe?

Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and stranger!

Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

Yo.lo. Sir, I have suit unto you.

Concerning

Concerning your old servant *Savill.*

El.lo. O, for his Keyes. I know it. *Sa.* Now sir, strike in.

More. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El.lo. Tis done sir, take your keyes again:
But hark you *Savill*, leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again:
Ile try you once again.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggest Key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it sir: I humbly thank your worship.

El.lo. Nay then I see we must keep holiday. *Enter Roger and Abigall.*
Here's the last couple in hell.

Ro. Joy be among you all.

La. Why how now sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

Ro. Marriage an't like your worship.

La. Are you married?

Ro. As fast as the next Priest could doe it, Madam.

El.lo. I think the signe's in *Gemini*, here's such coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweet-heart to night.

Ro. Not the best Benefice in your Worships gift Sir.

Wel. A whorson, how he swels.

Yo.lo. How many times to night, sir *Roger*?

Ro. Sir, you grow scurrilous:
What I shall doe, I shall doe; I shall not need your help.

Yo.lo. For Horse-flesh *Roger.*

El.lo. Come, prethee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.

La. It shall be so sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreat to be at our charge.

El.lo. *Welford* get you to the Church: by this light
You shall not lie with her again, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

More. To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a peece, and it shall goe hard,
But every one a jewell: Come, be mad boyes.

Eld.lo. Th'art in a good beginning: Come, who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Van*, and lead the way:
Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

FINIS.